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we certainly esteem one of the noblest efforts of genius, in the highest department of art, which this country has ever yet produced.—We shall not attempt a description of the picture, which we take for granted is familiar to most of our readers; in fact we should not venture to do so, its merits are of a class which may be felt, but can hardly be described. The general conception is in the highest degree sublime. The drawing pure and classical, the expression just and noble, and the arrangement masterly and pictorial. In short, we know of few, if any works, even of the ancient masters, with which, as a sketch, it might not fearlessly be put in competition; and we cannot help deploring as a national loss, the premature death of an artist capable of producing such a work, and who, if maturity had been given to his powers, would, in all human probability, have rivalled or excelled the greatest painters of antiquity. We trust we shall be able shortly to lay before our readers a memoir of the life of this most wonderfully gifted young man. He was, in every respect, a child of genius. His appearance and physiognomy strikingly interesting, his manners mild and retiring, his moral character, in every respect, pure and virtuous; in short, he possessed all those attributes which we desire to see associated with exalted genius, but in which unfortunately we sometimes find it wanting. As an artist he was self-taught; but while he devoted himself to his favourite art with an ardour, that contributed, in no small degree, to shorten his days, he still found time to cultivate a taste for languages and polite literature, and all this with a feeble constitution, and chilling poverty to contend against. Such was Ford—and if ever a temple be raised to native genius his name should not be forgotten. Of the next painting in our list, No. 99, *Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage*, we cannot speak quite so favourably. The subject is undoubtedly magnificent, and the mode of treating it is not without pictorial merit; and as to its faults, we must forbear to dilate upon them, for on perceiving an inscription carved upon one of the African ruins, and drawing near with the eagerness of an antiquary, to trace the Carthaginian character, and prove the identity of the language with that of our native land, judge of our surprise and regret on discovering an epitaph in Roman letters, setting forth that the work in question was sacred to the memory of R. Lucius West, the painter of the picture. We muttered de mortuis nil, and hurried on to No. 66, *Old Mortality*, by T. S. Mulvany, a sweet and delicately painted picture. The old man is represented resting for a moment from his labours, on the tombstone upon which he is engaged, the chisel in one hand and a wallet in the other, while the old white poney is busily engaged in cropping the long rank grass from among the weeds and wild flowers, by which he is half covered. The figures of both man and horse are natural and characteristic: the poney particularly so, and as his eye meets yours, upturned from the matted grass in which his head is buried, you seem to recognize the 'old familiar face' of a well-known friend. No. 141, *Hebe*, by G. F. Mulvany: the expression of the countenance in this picture, is deliciously sweet and winning, and there is an air of girlish innocence mingled with the look of maiden beauty, that renders it one of the most pleasing pictures in the

room, and one on which the eye lingers longest and most delighted.

Next in order come the landscapes.—Of Mr. Patric's drawings we would speak with an eloquence of praise that unhappily for the relief of our feelings we are unable just at present to embody in words: we must therefore content ourselves with observing that they are suffused with all those delicate beauties of poetical truth, which, perceptible only to such an eye, are disclosed to our cleared and charmed vision by his exquisite touch:—

Che non dipinge sol, quel ch'è visibile,

Ma

Tutto quel ch'è incorporeo, e ch'è possibile.

Must we also be silent on Mr. Kirchoffer's and Mr. Lover's great and varied merits? so cries out our demon, knowing to what a length the panegyric must run which would do these able artists even moderate justice. But we shall resume our notice in a future number.

MUSIC.

Mrs. Haydn Corri's Concert took place at the Rotunda on the 21st inst. The orchestra, which was numerous and complete and led by Mr. J. Barton, was ably supported by a number of amateurs, and the fine band of the 32nd Regiment, the Russian valve instruments of which were particularly effective in the beautiful overtures to "*Semiramide*," and "*Guillaume Tell*." We were happy to perceive among the vocal performers, some promising aspirants to musical fame, pupils of Mr. H. Corri, one of whom, a Miss Parkinson, sang a pretty air called "*Rosalie*," with much taste and sweetness. Mr. Lidel Herrman, to whose performances on the violoncello we have before adverted favourably, was as effective as usual in an air by De Beriot, and young Logier evinced much talent in executing a difficult concerto by Hertz for the piano forte. Mrs. Haydn Corri gave Bishop's favorite bravura "*Lo here the gentle lark*," in a chaste and beautiful style, her voice is much improved since we last heard her. Miss Maeder, who appears to possess much judgment and a cultivated taste, executed Rossini's Aria, "*Vincete Iniqua Sort*," in a manner which entitles her to great credit, and Mozart's buffo terzetto, "*La Mia Dorabella*," was given with much humour by Messrs. Latham, Corri, and Murphy. The performances were protracted to rather an unreasonably late hour.

THE DRAMA.

We enjoyed a rich treat at the Theatre on Saturday night last; our lively favourite, Miss Brunton that used to be, Mrs. Yates that now is, made her first appearance here these some years, as Lady Contest in *The Wedding Day*. She still retains all the girlish gaiety and playful *espieglerie* of manner, united with grace and elegance and lady-like deportment, that used to charm us so much; and we could sympathize most heartily with Sir Adam, (a part by the way which Chippendale played extremely well,) in his feelings on the unexpected appearance of the old lady. Mrs. Yates, who 'wins golden opinions from all sorts of people,' drew down on this occasion the warmest acclamations of the audience, which was unusually numerous. The elephant made her last curtsy on Thursday evening, and is engaged to perform at Plymouth theatre; her performances here have been most productive to Mr. Bunn's treasury, and we learn that in consequence, the "Queen

of Siam" may again be expected to visit our shores.

By the bye, the orchestra in our theatre is horribly defective; in a city like Dublin, where we are all musical, this is a gross abuse. Half the music desks are vacant, and the rest are tenanted by performers of the worst description, fit only for the band of a show-booth. An effective orchestra would always attract the lovers of good music to the theatre, while, in the present state of things, all who do not wish to have their ears outraged must stay away.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FANCY.

Hast thou never met with eyes
Not met on earth before;
That yet a sweet mysterious light
Like years of friendship, wore?
A something that disturbed thy heart,
To know the hidden source,
Of that which like remembrance clear,
Swept by with gentlest force,
Bearing thy soul along the stream
Of feeling, reinless as a dream.

I speak not of the beautiful,
The radiant or the sweet;
The charm, whatever it be, of these,
Hath a yet deeper seat,
A more unfathomable far;
And in its soundless speech,
Beams more resistless loveliness
Than aught that sight can reach:
Like a still home, a place of rest,
Ours meet them with a feeling blest

And while their answering clearness greets
Each glance our search will throw,
A smiling light is in their depth,
As if they too should know—
As if they too believed we must
Have met and loved before;
Yet where, or when? the mystery searched,
It only deepens more:
We can but feel its secret might,
And yield to its supreme delight.

Nor need these words, or moments long,
The summer lightning darts
With not more soft abruptness by,
Than this doth ever hearts.
A look—the very first of all,
The slightest smile will do,
To leave behind this haunting faith,
That once we surely knew:
With instinct's truth seems understood
This closer kindred than of blood.

But who shall trace up to their springs,
These workings of the mind,
As swift, as hidden in their strength,
As is the chainless wind?
In the bright world of dreams,
Do spirits ever meet;
And waken and forget that hour,
Until on earth they greet?
And with a sudden gladness then,
Feel well that they but meet again.

Z. Y.

SONETTO.

Quella, che lieta del mortal mio duolo,
Ne i monti, e per le selve oscure, e sole
Fuggendo gir, come nemico, sole
Me, che lei, come donna, onoro e colo;
Al penser mio che questo obbietto ha solo,
E ch' iudi vive, e cibo altro non vole,
Celar non po de' suoi begli occhi il sole,
Nè per fuggir, nè per levarsi a volo.

Ben pote ella sparire a me duanzi,
Come agullin, che 'l duro arciero ha scorto,
Ratto ver gli alti boschi a volar prende;
Ma l' ali del penser chi fia ch' avanzi?
Cui lungo calle, ed aspro, è piano, e corto;
Così caldo desio l' affretta e stende.

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

She who delighted with my mortal woe,
The mountain heights—the woods obscure and lone,
(Retiring) haunts, to shun like mortal foe,
Me, who but her, on earth, my angel own;
From these my thoughts rapt in one sole desire,
On which they live, and on her food disdain,
Fails to conceal of her bright eyes the fire,
By flight—seclusion; fruitless toil and pain.

Well may she vanish from my sight before,
Like the poor bird the ruthless archers spy,
That seeks the thicket till the danger's o'er;
But thought's swift wings, ah! who can these outlie,
Urged by desire, unfolded full, they soar;
The rugged's smooth—the path remote's high.

H. Y.